

Lawrence Arms, The

"A Toast"

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You tell me that ya wanna go to heaven
But you run around acting like you're gonna live
forever
You tell me that you're going through hell
But you're puttin' others through it
And you say that I smell
Like I haven't had a shower in 23 days
Like an unbalanced beer can two minutes too late
A look like a stale face from a fresh grave
A chip on my shoulder and an eye full of rage

Can you taste that beer with your back to the bar?
Can you smell a cigarette without letting down your
guard?

Ten cans, 4 a.m. friends,
The sad thing is that you've always been like this
Moaning in a bed shaped like a hearse
Believe the lies that you tell yourself

You tell me that my problem is thinking
I can chase it away with a problem like drinking

When you tell me you don't wanna get old
You've got a party on the line and a grave on hold
Like a drunk operator, like a game of roulette,
Like a martini balanced on a whiffle ball bat,
When a hard wind blows it's gonna fall down
When the wind blows there'll be broken glass all
around,

Can you taste that beer with your back to the bar?
Can you smell a cigarette without letting down your
guard?

Ten cans, 4 a.m. friends,
The sad thing is that you've always been like this
Moaning in a bed shaped like a hearse
Believe the lies that you tell yourself
Things can never get worse

Can you taste that beer with your back to the bar?
Can you smell a cigarette with your smile so far away?

Yeah!

Ten cans, 4 a.m. friends,
The sad thing is that you've always been like this
Like a bright shiny apple with a worm inside
Believe the lies that you tell yourself
Is this the only way to die?
Is this the only way to die?
Is this the only way to die?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Is this the only way to die?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Is this the only way to die?

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